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## By Invitation Only

A reception by invitation only on Tuesday, April 17 will mark the opening of the South Shore Art Center Gallery Artists group in Boston at the John F. Kennedy Building which will continue on display through May 15. The selection of paintings and photographs will be hung in the second entrance to the building off City Hall Plaza. Hours are Monday-Friday, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The predominant medium in the show will be watercolor, both in landscape and still life with works by Eugene Conlon,

Mary Smith, Jean Thompson, Virginia Avery, Claffy Williams, Rosemary Boyer, Joan Marson and Mimi Turner.

Brooks Kelly's 'General Store-Blue Hill' is the only true collage in the exhibit while Jane Flavell Collins is showing a still life in mixed media and Constance Flavell Pratt exhibits a pastel portrait. E. Marie Francis 'Trees' is an intricate pen and ink drawing while Louise Kalish displays a dramatic acrylic abstract done in a stain technique.

Rosalind Farbush, Robert Holmes, Jean Cain and Liz Crosby all exhibit acrylic paintings both in the expressionistic and representational mood while Joseph Smongeski, June Angier, Howard Burnham and Elizabeth Burke are displaying oil landscapes.

Photographer Gail Bryan is showing work from her series on Nepal while Craig Murray and Renee Hulitar will exhibit a variety of subject matter.

This is the second year that the South Shore Art Center Gallery Artists have held a group exhibit in Boston, last year's showing having taken place at Boston City Hall.

For information call 383-9548.

## Mothers...

## ...Bless 'Em!

By Lois Martin

A young woman strode by me the other day saying, "I've got to do something about my mother."

Throughout the ages young people have been bringing up parents as best they can, struggling against forces of obstreperous unwillingness to learn, and peer pressure to which adults respond.

It hasn't been easy for them. Fathers have historically been relatively acceptable, as have his car keys, his new shirt and his financial bolstering. It is Mother who has tried the patience of her children. She never learns. And, if they could get through to her, help her understand, she'd be better for it.

For one thing we need help with our clothes. We don't dress right. Our outfits are funny-looking, faddish, oft foolish. There's no telling what we'll show up in at a school or a supermarket. They wish we'd take a little more pride in our appearance.

## PATCHES

One time at a banquet a woman was speaking of her daughter's disdain for her mother's dress. And while the poor soul was wounded by her child's lack of acceptance, she'd worn the dress anyway and was philosophical. "They just don't understand," she said of young people. She's right, of course. Even our bathrobes can come under fire.

Kids certainly catch on early to the fact that a mother can reflect poorly or well on her family. Years ago I attended a first grade Valentine's party clothed, by necessity, in maternity garb. I was later asked not to wear "those funny-looking clothes again." I tried to comply but failed.

And when will they give up on having us physically fit? My children never have a moment's peace. So constant are they in their goal to shape me up, they must bring to my attention flabby upper arms, and ruffled hips. Life would be easier for them if I could do a few push ups. . . in front of them but not their friends.

There's a code of behavior they wish we'd follow in front of their peers. We're to go in the room, speak politely but as little as possible before leaving. Immediately. If I remember correctly, that's just what my mother wanted me to do with her friends.

We are prone to embarrass them with boisterous laughter. And we infuriate them if we're in the middle of a berating lecture and suddenly switch to a sweet telephone voice for a stranger on the phone.

They've woefully fallen short of their aspirations to teach us about good music, theirs. Our attention span is too short when they're explaining the values of "R" movies and we refuse to see their point.

When we stay out late and arrive home to find them waiting up for us, they're looking for an explanation. No good saying, "All the other parents get to go out Saturday nights."

They wish we wouldn't brag about them in their presence, especially if we inflate their successes. But mothers should seize on anything that'll sound good to her friends, make it look like she's been a wondrous parent. You have to, 'cause you never know when things'll take a downswing. And you have to take blame for being a bad parent. Take credit wherever you can find it or create it.

Certainly children would like to rid us of our martyrdom and our guilt-making tendencies. Where would we be without them? What's a good Mother's Day if someone doesn't forget about it and give us a chance to be martyred at being forgotten. . . on the only day of the year set aside to honor us. . . after all we've done. But then never mind us.

Teenagers resent being treated like small children. But that's how we first knew them. It carries over. We forget people are suddenly all-knowing in their teens when just a few years earlier they asked us to explain everything - what a skunk smells like, how come a bridge stays up there, sex. We don't realize they feel qualified to tell us about those things now.

And I hear young athletes would give their eye teeth if Mother wouldn't stand on the sidelines at games bellowing encouragement at her favorite player. They say they wouldn't do that to us if we were playing ball in front of other people. Darn right they wouldn't. They'd make sure they were out of town if we mothers ever took to the field, the court or the wrestling mat.

It isn't that they won't cooperate with us. They're reasonable. They'll help us. Still, you can lead a horse to water. . . but. Clearly our children have been tolerant of us. They keep coming back no matter how we've embarrassed them. They're the first ones to rise to our defense if others pick on us. They're our friends when no one else would care to be.

They have to overlook our weaknesses. There's no accounting for where we get some of our ideas but the tree doesn't roll far from the apple. They're good-natured about many shortcomings. And despite what we've done to upset them, they always let us cook supper.

You don't have to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth to eat with sterling for the rest of your life.

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